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# Bill Casey: Intelligence Is His Game

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By James Conaway

**T**HE SIGN says "Mayknoll"—a huge, somber Victorian house at the end of a shaded drive on Long Island's opulent north shore, in a town called Roslyn Harbor. It was built in 1855 and seems untouched by this century, except for two black Lincoln Town Cars, one parked under the porte-cochere, the other under a weeping willow and flanked by large watchful men in blazers. Somewhere behind them, toward the bottom of the estate, past the sculpture garden and the gazebo, lies Long Island Sound.

The CIA has come to West Egg, the fictional home of new money in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby." If anyone gets shot in this swimming pool, however, it's not likely to be the owner, William Joseph Casey.

He wears a faded golf shirt and plaid trousers, and wanders through a succession of rooms with 12-foot ceilings, intricate moldings, heavy furniture, sconces with real candles, and crystal chandeliers where he has lived for 35 years in all his incarnations, which include lawyer, author, businessman, politician and now director of central intelligence. He encounters another security agent, this one in slacks and blouse, in the library dedicated to his Revolutionary War research.

"Are they going to let me onto that golf course?" she asks.

Casey is golfing today at an exclusively male links, and last time there the fellows made the female agent feel unwelcome. He assures her they'll let her on, and continues on to the main library, an enclosed, paneled porch spanning the back of the house. Half glass, padded with

of fusty Rooseveltian charm—that's Teddy Roosevelt, not Franklin. But there are no horned heads on these walls, just photographs of Casey on the covers of Finance and Business Week, and in the company of American Republican presidents.

Someone has written dialogue into one photograph of Richard Nixon and Casey seated in the Oval Office. Nixon is telling Casey, "Bunny, tell me about Bernadette's library," and Casey is saying, "But Mr. President, I came here to talk about the stock market."

Bernadette is his daughter—his only child.

"You can tell a lot about a man from his books," says Casey, 70, who has collected them for years. "A hell of a lot more than you can tell from his bank account."

His books deal with World War II, biography, Christian missions to the undeveloped world, ancient history. The handbooks on law, finance and real estate that Casey produced as a young man, books that made him moderately wealthy, are stacked under the window.

A CIA officer in coat and tie sits nearby, a notebook on his lap. Being surrounded by guards of one sort or another goes with the job of director of central intelligence, all part of what Casey calls "the dues." Reporters are also part of the dues. They ask the questions that Casey finds annoying when he does not find them infuriating.

"The director will blow up," an aide has warned. "Something you ask will trigger it. He'll come up out of his chair. But it quickly passes."

"The way you guys work," Casey says, blinking rapidly behind his Yves St. Laurent spectacles, "the way the media works, they put a

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# GUNS AND MONEY

By Rudy Maxa

**S**am Cummings used to drive around Europe in a Cadillac Seville with Virginia license plates that read "OKDR." The plates caused double-takes on the autobahns of Germany, where, until the end of World War II, the four letters stood for "Ober Kommando Der Wehrmacht," the chief of staff of the German army.

For Cummings, the license plates were a sly joke by a man whose business is deadly serious: From his warehouse on the waterfronts of Alexandria, Virginia, and Manchester, England, Cummings sells more weapons than any other person in the world. His company, founded in Washington 30 years ago, is called Interarms, and when it comes to selling guns, mortars, grenades, and ammunition, nobody does it bigger.

In the United States, Interarms is the largest wholesaler of sporting pistols and rifles. In a typical year, the firm will sell about 170,000 such weapons. Most are imported, though Interarms now also manufactures its own weapons in Virginia and Alabama. But most of Interarms' business involves the buying and selling of military weapons from its stock, which Cummings says can equip 26 army divisions at the drop of a certified check.

In comparison to arms deals promoted by the Pentagon or foreign governments, Cummings is a minnow among the whales: Interarms' sales, which Cummings says do not exceed \$100 million a year, can be dwarfed by a single arms shipment that the American government might make to any ally. Before the downfall of the Shah, for example, Iran received \$10 billion worth of weapons from the US. Such government-to-government transfers involve high-ticket items, such as ships and jet airplanes.

But for all the publicity those additions to the world's arsenals receive, most of the wars fought since World War II have involved small arms of the type Cummings buys and sells. In Iran, all the Shah's sophisticated weaponry couldn't save him from an internal revolt led by dissidents brandishing rifles. For decades, in such places as Angola, Nicaragua, Pakistan, and other countries that host border clashes, religious disputes, rebellions, and riots, it has been the small arm that kills and conquers.

From his twelve-room apartment overlooking the Mediterranean Sea in Monte Carlo, or from his chalet nestled in the Swiss Alps near Geneva, the 56-year-old Cummings keeps watch on a troubled world. His agents in about 75 countries—most of whom are former military or government officials who work on a commission—communicate by Telex, telephone, or mail to keep Cummings apprised of the supply of, or demand for, weapons.

Cummings's competitors are often freelancers, con artists, or corrupt opportunists. Some prosper briefly by smuggling arms to terrorists or by putting together one lucky deal. Some are murdered by factions to whose enemies they sell arms. Some, such as Edwin Wilson, wind up in jail or, like Frank Terpil, in

exile for illegally selling weapons to a foreign government (Libya) of whom their government (the US) disapproves.

Cummings survives by avoiding back-alley deals. He cannot ship weapons to other countries from his Alexandria or Manchester warehouses unless either the United States or Great Britain approves the deal by granting "end user certificates," which specify the final destination of his arms shipments.

Which is why, when Uganda's Idi Amin called him in search of bazookas, Cummings suggested he try the Soviets—Cummings knew neither Washington nor London would approve a weapons sale to Amin. Equally futile was Libya's Colonel Muammar Qaddafi's offer to pick up Cummings in a private jet so the two could discuss the modernization of Libya's military.

Not that dealing with an Amin or a Qaddafi gives Cummings pause; he likes to project an image of a broker whose job is no more interesting than, say, that of a mattress wholesaler. Interarms will happily sell to whoever has the money, and Cummings considers the use to which his products are put to be none of his concern. He patiently awaits the lifting of arms embargoes against Iran and South Africa—as a merchant, he professes indifference to a country's politics, just as he could care less which side wins a war.